

# NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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EDITED BY  
T. J. Sawyer, A. C. Thomas, and P. Price.

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[We find the following article in one of our exchange papers, though without any credit. We have already alluded to difficulties of this nature more than once. We feel that important articles at least should be credited to their proper source, but in the present case we are compelled to take the article, fatherless as it is, or forego its insertion in our columns altogether. We do not remember of ever seeing it before ourselves, and doubt not it will be new to most of our readers.]

## PROOF OF UNIVERSALISM.

Among the many disputes that have arisen in the church, that, respecting extent of redemption and salvation has had a distinguished rank. It has employed the pen of many learned and pious Christians on both sides of the question. On this important subject the serious inquirer for truth, (if rightly exercised) will resort to the Scriptures for instruction, which is our surest guide; and what they testify we may believe for truth. Let us then, enter on the inquiry with seriousness, earnestly imploring the divine blessing. An attention to the following statement of Scripture sentences, will, we think, have a great tendency to satisfy the mind, that the *design*, at least, of our Lord's mission was, that the whole family of man should eventually enjoy the blessing.

Different words, but of the same import :—

1. *All*.—1 Timothy ii, 6, Who gave himself a ransom for *all*, to be testified in due time.—2 Peter iii, 9, Not willing that any should perish, but that *all* should come to repentance.—James i, 5, God giveth to *all* liberally, and upbraideth not. Psalm cxlv, 9, The Lord is good to *all*; and his tender mercies are over *all* his works. Rom. xi, 32, For God concluded them *all* in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon *all*.

2. *All Men*.—Romans v, 18, By the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon *all men* unto justification of life. 1 Tim. ii, 4, Who will have *all men* to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth. Titus ii, 11, Grace of God, which bringeth salvation to *all men*, hath appeared.\* John xii, 32, And I, if I be lifted from the earth, will draw *all men* unto me.

3. *All Men, every where*.—Acts xvii, 30,†—but now commandeth *all men every where*, to repent.

\* The text reads, "Grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men;" which was not true, for it had not appeared to all men at that time. We think ourselves therefore justified in inserting the margin as the true reading.

† We think this passage to the point; because commanding them to repent is a demonstration that there is mercy for them; for the law knows no repentance. If a law is transgressed, there remains nothing but the penalty to be executed, and no repentance will satisfy. We say, therefore, to command all men every where to repent, if the atonement was made for a part only, would be solemn mockery, which to ascribe to the Deity would be blasphemous.

4. *All Families of the Earth*.—Gen. xii, 3, And in thee (Abraham) shall *all families of the earth* be blessed. xxviii, 14, And in thee (Jacob) and thy seed shall *all families of the earth* be blessed.

5. *All Nations of the Earth*.—Gen. xviii, 18, All nations of the earth shall be blessed in him (Abraham.) xxii, 18, In thy seed shall the nations of the earth be blessed.

6. *All the Ends of the Earth*.—Psalm cxviii, 3, All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God. Isaiah xiv, 22, Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.

7. *All the ends of the World*.—Psalm xxii, 27, All the ends of the world shall remember, and turn to the Lord.

8. *All the World*.—Mark xvi, 15, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

9. *All the kindreds of the Nations*.—Psalm xxii, 27,—and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.

10. *All Nations*.—Isaiah xxv, 7, And he will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations.

11. *All people*.—Isaiah xxv, 6—7, And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. Luke ii, 10, Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

12. *All Flesh*.—Isaiah xl, 5, And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the Lord hath spoken.—Luke iii, 6, And all flesh shall see the salvation of God.

13. *All things*.—Acts iii, 21, Whom the heaven must receive, until the times of the restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began.

14. *All things which are in Heaven and in Earth, and things under the Earth*.—Ephesians i, 10, That in the dispensation of the fullness of times, he might gather together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are in earth, in him. Coll. i, 20, And (having made peace through the blood of his cross) by him to reconcile all things unto himself, by him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven. See also Philip. ii, 10.

15. *All that are afar off*.—Acts ii, 39, For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.

16. *All that are gone astray*.—Isaiah liii, 6, All we like sheep are gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

17. *All his Works*.—Psalm cxiv, 9, The Lord is good to all; his tender mercies are over all his works. Also 10 v. All thy works shall praise thee.

18. *The World*.—John iii, 17, For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved; xii, 47, And if any man can hear my words, and believe them not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world; 1, 29, Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; iv, 42, The Saviour of the world; see also xvii, 20, 21, 23,

that the world might believe. See also 1 John iv, 14.

19. *The whole World*.—1 John ii, 2, And he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

20. *The Lost*.—Luke xix, 10, For the Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost. See also Matt. xviii, 11.

21. *Every Man*.—Heb. ii, 9, That he by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

22. *Every man that cometh into the World*.—John i, 9,—was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

23. *Every Creature*.—Mark xvi, 15, Preach the gospel to every creature. Col. i, 23, If ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel which ye have heard, and which was preached to every creature which is under heaven, &c. for it was preached by God himself to Abraham in Christ—all shall be blessed in him, in earth, under the earth, in the sea, &c. every creature.

24. *Every thing that hath Breath*.—Psalm cl, 6, Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

25. *Every Knee*; 26. *Every Tongue*.—Isaiah xlv, 28, 24, I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear, surely shall say in the Lord have I righteousness and strength—quoted by the apostle, Romans xiv, 11, Phil. ii, 10, That at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.

27. *All Faces*; 28. *All the Earth*.—Isaiah xxv, 8, The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all the earth, for the Lord hath spoken it.

29. *The uttermost parts of the Earth*.—Psalm ii, 8, Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thy inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

30. *Every creature which is in Heaven, and on the Earth, and under the Earth, and such as are in the Sea*.—Rev. 5, 13, And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I, saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

31. *Them that are under the Law*.—Gal. iv, 4, 5, But when the fulness of time was come. God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.

Remark, here are one and thirty sentences, each, though differing in words, or differently placed, yet they have all an universal meaning—(whether for universal salvation, or only to make it possible for all to be saved,) shall be considered. We think, to attempt to limit them is an affront to common sense.

We would here pause, and contemplate how astonishing it is, that the doctrine of partial redemption should ever prevail, and be so zealously advocated by believers in Scripture, against such a multiplicity of Scripture evidence to the contrary; and not a single passage can be produced from all the sacred writings, which says the atonement was made for a part only!

Solomon says, that a three fold cord is not

easily broken; but what shall we say of a thirty fold cord! but in the words of the apostle, "that God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by the glorious variety of expressions here exhibited, that by these redundant promises in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us!" No wonder the dear apostle of the Gentiles breaks out as he does, when he had been treating of this glorious subject, with which he concludes the doctrinal part of his epistle to the Romans. "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things to whom be glory for ever. Amen." Heb. vi, 27, 18. Rom. xi, 33—36.

But again, to our subject; some of our brethren will say, "We believe firmly, that the atonement was made for the whole; and when God calls on his creatures to come and partake of the gospel feast, he is sincere, and does not tantalize the wretched sons of men, by calling them all to supper, and only provision made for a part; but as he has made us rational creatures, he deals with us as such, and therefore we may choose or refuse." This, we believe, may partly be true, as to the time stated. His call may be resisted; in consequence of which, those who thus remain in a state of self-condemnation, (called by the translators of the Bible *damnation*) darkness, and enmity, and of course be miserable. And if it could be proved that any of the human race would remain in that state to endless duration, the truth of the doctrine of endless misery must follow. But we believe it will not be the case; for what God has begun he is able to finish; he is not like a poor mortal who attempts to build a tower and is not able to accomplish it. No, he has said, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure."

He says also, Isaiah lv, 8—11, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth from out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Our Sovereign is not like an unskilful parent, giving us our whole estate to sport away. No, the apostle says, "your life is hid with Christ in God."

Again, we would put our friends in mind that many of the foregoing Scriptures carry the matter further in plain words, which cannot be controverted, in particular the 5th ch. of Romans, 18, 21, "Therefore as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life;"—and "that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life." There are many other passages to the same effect.

Again; let us contemplate what a difficulty it brings us in, to admit of such an idea, viz. That our glorious Creator had a good design in creating his creatures, he meant to make them

happy, but they fell, and became miserable; he again attempted to reinstate them in felicity, and for that purpose sent his Son into the world to redeem and save them; but his enemy, again, in defiance of all his good intentions, frustrated his design, and will hold in his power to endless duration, a great part of that very family he attempted to save, but could not! O! consider how the enemy could in such a case triumph, looking up to the blessed Redeemer and saying, "You would not take on you the nature of angels, but human nature, that you might taste death for every man; and here I have a great part of them in my power, to torment to all eternity."

Again; if we admit that any part of the human family will be endlessly miserable, we must of course admit the eternal existence of sin. But how then will Christ perform his work? for the Scriptures say, "he was manifested to destroy the works of the devil," 1 John iii, 8—"that he came to destroy death, and him that had the power of it, which is the devil."—They say also, that the tares shall be burnt, and the tares are the children of the wicked one, consequently no part of the human family; for he is not the creator of any part of the human race, neither do they belong to him; for the Lord says, "all souls are mine." John the Baptist says, "whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather the wheat into his garner, but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable, Matt. iii, 12.—Our Lord says, John vi, 39, that "this is the Father's will, that of all which he has given me I shall lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." Remark the word *it* in the singular, the entire family. Again, we were assured in the 35th chapter of Isaiah, 10th v. that "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Here we would again remind our friends that it does not say, a part of the ransomed, but the ransomed. Nor does it say, they may come, but they shall, in the most positive terms.

As to those who say roundly, that the design of God in sending his Son was only to benefit a part of the human family, and the reprobate, (as they are pleased to call a part of the human race,) has no part in the Saviour; as to such, we think it in vain to reason with them; for they fly in the face of the most plain and positive word that can be spoken, as the foregoing statement verifies. For if we say to them the word of God says to the contrary, they will answer no, it does not; for all doth not mean all, and the whole means only a part, and every man means every spiritual man, the whole world means the elect world, &c. If we say it is not reasonable to think that a Being of infinite benevolence would make a race of creatures, part of whom would be endlessly and infinitely miserable, they will answer, that we have nothing to do with reason in spiritual things; therefore we would leave these our friends for the present, nothing doubting but the veil will be taken from their hearts in God's own time.

We will now endeavour to attend to some of the objections to this glorious gospel doctrine. And first, "it leads to licentiousness." Be that as it may, truth is truth; and whatever the effect may be on corrupt nature, it cannot make that false which is true of itself. But we need not be afraid of truth, nor like unwise parents, or some who have the care of children, to tell them frightful things to make them good. Honesty is the best policy; therefore let us speak the truth to our neighbour, and cheerfully leave the event with the Lord. However, we will with pleasure meet our brethren on this ground; for we say, it leads direct to the contrary, when

rightly understood, and we will attempt to prove it.

Now what is true morality? Our Lord answers the important inquiry. "Love God with all thy heart, and your neighbour as yourself;" on this hang all the law and the prophets; yea, it is a law that existed parallel with Jehovah himself; it is what grows out of the reason and nature of things; necessarily binding on all rational intelligencies, and it is exceedingly extensive; it reaches to the thoughts and intents of the heart, and is most reasonable in its demands.

Now, which of the two doctrines is most likely to produce this obedience and conformity of heart to those divine precepts, the limitarian or universal? The one holds up to us a Sovereign who has created a vast number of rational creatures, some of whom he will make, after a few years of trial and sorrow, eternally happy with himself, but the rest he will consign over to endless and inexpressible misery; and there is no possible way of escape, for it was so decreed from all eternity; nor have they ever had it in their power, either to prevent their being dragged into existence, or since they had a being to alter the dreadful decree. On the other hand, the Universalist holds up to view a glorious Being, who is love in the abstract, and "his tender mercies are over all his works;" who has created a numerous race of beings, capable of loving, serving, and enjoying him for ever, and created them for the very purpose to manifest his own glory in their ultimate and everlasting enjoyment of himself; and he is not only willing but absolutely able to complete his whole plan. Now it seems needless to ask which of these has the greatest tendency to obedience to the first precept, viz. to love God with all the heart?

Now let us inquire, which of the two doctrines is most likely, in the reason and nature of things, to produce obedience to the second precept of the divine law, viz. to love our neighbour as ourselves; which means all mankind.

The limitarians say, there is a great number of the human family, who are not only in a state of alienation from God, but will remain in this criminal state of rebellion to all eternity; and after this life will be fixed in a state of despair and wretchedness, that they will be increasing in their rebellion and blasphemy for ever;—While the universalists, to their grief, behold many of their brethren of the human family, still in a state of unreconciliation to God, and would weep over them. Yet they sorrow not as those who have no hope, for the promise is sure; for "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." He is going on (if we may be allowed the expression) to do it; and he will not stop till he has accomplished his whole pleasure. And though we do not see them at present, giving glory to his name, yet, believing the promise in the words of Jehovah himself, in Isaiah xlv—"I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear, Surely shall say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength"—we say, believing this, we can clasp the whole family in the arms of affection, as brethren united under one head, (for we are members of his body, his flesh, and of his bones, 1 Cor. xi, 3, "The head of every man is Christ.") Therefore we rejoice in the prospect of that law, which is the transcript of the divine nature, being fulfilled in every jot, by all the sons of Adam, in that blessed state, where we shall be wholly cleansed from all our filthiness, idolatry, envy, avarice, and whatever is contrary to perfect love, in the full enjoyment of it to all eternity. But, on the other hand, it is impossible we ever should love

our neighbour as ourselves, but be in perpetual enmity and aversion.

And now, we would humbly hope, we have proved which doctrine has the greatest moral tendency, and conclude this paragraph with the words of one of their own poets, the sweet bard of the christian Israel.

"Shall we go on to sin,  
Because thy grace abounds;  
And crucify our Lord again,  
And open all his wounds?  
Forbid it, mighty God;  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
That we, whose sins are crucified,  
Should raise them from the dead.  
We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free;  
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,  
And bought our liberty."

WATTS.

Another very important objection is, the passages of scripture which seem to speak another language. But is scripture contrary to itself? For surely, if one passage holds out the tender mercies of God to be over all his works, and another says, he will make a part of the human family miserable to all eternity; if one says, he will not contend for ever, and others are made to say, that he will beat upon the naked soul in one eternal storm; we must either reconcile scripture with itself, or have doubts of its authenticity; for contraries cannot come from God. Now, of all the doctrines which have been preached, there is none, we think, that reconcile scripture with itself, but this, which admits of the final "restitution of all things, which God has spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began."—Acts iii, 21.—That there are passages which seem to be against this idea, we do not deny; but upon examination, we trust it can be made to appear, that these scriptures are not to be taken in the sense it hath been usual to exhibit them. For instance, when we meet with such passages as these, *everlasting destruction, eternal fire, everlasting punishment, the worm that dieth not, &c.* if we apply those expressions to the nature of the punishment, instead of its duration as respects the creature, the difficulty will subside, and the word of God will be made consistent with itself. And we think it will very rationally bear such a construction, especially when we take into view the foregoing redundant scripture testimony. Besides, the manner in which they are connected will justify such a construction. For instance, in 2 Thess. i, 9, the disobedient "shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power;" it does not say they shall be everlastingly punished, or everlastingly destroyed: but be punished with everlasting destruction; that is, the discipline, with which they will be exercised, is of an everlasting nature. Now, if they are afflicted with this punishment ever so short a time, it may be strictly said that they are punished with everlasting destruction; yea, we would say, it is of an eternal nature; that is, it never had a beginning, nor will it ever have an end. The nature of God, who is love, is a consuming fire, in which the Lord Jesus in that dispensation will be revealed to take this vengeance; and whatever is contrary to this nature of love, under whatever name it may be, whether rebellion, hatred, disobedience, envy, or whatever is contrary to perfect love, it will light on and utterly consume; as a skilful and almighty Physician, who can so apply the remedy as to kill the fever, though painful to the creature in its operation, and save the patient; extract the ball from the wounded, and entirely make a cure, or to express it in the apostle's words, slay the enmity.

And in this sense it should be applied to the

creature. What is it for? and what the effect? The destruction of the rebellious disposition, and an entire rooting out and purging of all un-filthiness, as was foretold of our blessed Lord by Malachi, iii, 1—4. The Psalmist also has the same idea, in the 59th Psalm, "Thou wast a God who forgavest them, though thou takest vengeance of their inventions." Now, this character in the Deity is parallel with his existence, necessary to his very nature, and of course, strictly eternal; and if this rebellion and enmity is destroyed, so that it rises no more, it may be called an everlasting destruction; so that, take it in either sense, it will not militate against the force of the precious promises we have been considering, but greatly confirm them.

These are the fruits of our researches; may that blessed Spirit, which indited the word, lead us into all truth; and to God the only wise, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be ascriptions of praise and glory for ever. Amen.

#### JOYFUL HOPE OF THE CHRISTIAN.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor. v, 1.

What can be more consoling to the mind of man, in the midst of the trials, troubles, and perplexities, through which he is called to pass, whilst sojourning in this vale of tears, than the thoughts of the future and never-ending happiness he is to experience in the realms of eternal peace and boundless love! When laid on a bed of languishing, our bodies racked with pains, or scorched with burning fevers, and we are about to bid adieu to all terrestrial things, when our souls are just hovering on the confines of eternity, O how transporting the thought that these "light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"! Or when we stand around the bed of some near and dear friend, one on whom our warmest and fondest affections are placed; when we are just bidding them the final farewell, ere they take their departure to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns;" and farther, when we have seen them deposited in the "house appointed for all living," and their cold remains covered with the "green sods of the valley;" O then, how joyful, how gladdening the reflection that their beatified spirits are safely reposing in the bosom of their Father and their God, when

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more."

The contemplations of such scenes as those just mentioned, is well calculated to inspire sincere emotions of gratitude in our minds towards our heavenly Benefactor, and to fill them with joy and peace. But there is one other reflection, which is infinitely more rapturous and soul-cheering, than any other of which we are capable of conceiving; and that is, the ultimate holiness and happiness of the whole ransomed family of man. Yes, it is the assurance that that glorious period shall arrive, when all things shall be subject to Christ; when the trumpet shall sound to awaken the entombed millions and bid them rise and be clothed in the vestments of immortality, when King Immanuel shall appear in the clouds of heaven with "power and great glory," to conduct his blood-bought family to that place prepared for their reception before the foundation of the world; when all shall have passed 'old Jordan's rolling stream,' and be safely ushered into that land where God has promised to "wipe all tears from their eyes, and where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying," and when

"All shall bathe their weary souls  
In seas of heavenly rest,

And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across the peaceful breast."

Then will heaven's high arches ring, with the glorious acclamation of "not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be all the glory;" and the continual shout of "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty," will resound through the celestial city in one eternal round! O what a glorious theme for contemplation is this to the sincere believer in the Gospel! How it fills the soul with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." How it lifts us above the transitory things of time and sense, and calms the troubled mind.

My brethren in the faith once "delivered to the saints," seeing these things are so, what manner of persons ought we to be "in all holy conversation and godliness." Let one and all endeavour to walk in the path of righteousness and true holiness. Let us never slumber in the lap of ease, or repose in the effeminate bower of pleasure; but let us like faithful soldiers of the cross, always discharge our duty, so that when the curtain of time is about to drop, and the never-ending scene of eternity be opened to our view, we can with the apostle exclaim, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—*Magazine and Advocate.*

#### AN INCIDENT.

That venerable Father in Israel, S. N. Little, Esq. of Atkinson, N. H. has recently been visited by a slight attack of paralysis. He has been a Universalist for many years, and is well known as such in the town in which he resides, and throughout the neighborhood. The orthodox clergyman of that town, hearing of the event came at once to the conclusion that it was a fine opportunity to make an attack on Mr. Little's faith. He supposed probably that the mind might be weakened with the body, as it often is in that disease; and that he perhaps could succeed in persuading Mr. L. to renounce his faith. His labor however has been utterly in vain. We mention this circumstance merely to show, that the orthodox clergy are in the habit of watching their opportunities to attack the sick in regard to their faith, especially where they entertain the hope that the reason has become weakened. We submit it to our readers whether such conduct is not a species of cruelty, that highly deserves the deep reprobation of the community. It is indeed an unfortunate state of things, when a man's house, his sick-chamber, and sometimes his death bed, will not protect him against the assaults of sectarian feeling. These intruders should be made to know that their conduct cannot be tolerated.—*Trumpet and Magazine.*

#### WESTERLY, R. I.

The Senior editor made a visit to this place a few weeks since and preached some two or three evening discourses.—Much interest seemed to be exhibited there, in hearing the word, and the visit, to him, was highly gratifying. A communication from a valued and zealous friend there has just been received, from which we make some brief extracts below, in the absence of the senior editor, to whom it was addressed. There is a wide field open there, and we hope it may be effectually improved. P.

"Dear sir, I have been very anxiously expecting to hear from you or Br. L. from some encouragement you gave of his visiting us. I hope he has not given it up yet, for now is a time, when good can be done. The minds of the people have been aroused from a state of lethargy, by your visit, and need but a little more cultivation to ensure a rich harvest.

If neither of you can leave soon, please send the first able advocate with whom you meet. Our cause is worthy of attention, and when the field needs cultivation, I feel deeply engaged in employing all the laborers, that our feeble means will in any way permit. We are poor in purse, but rich in faith."

## TIME'S DAY BOOK AND LEDGER.

\* \* \* \* I turned with fear to my own account in the Ledger—for it was growing late—and began to look over the various items, wondering and absorbed in thought. I observed that no balance was struck. "Pray Heaven," I exclaimed, "that I may get rid of this dun as easily as others." "Well, well—to business! I cannot wait!" exclaimed the figure behind me, though I was not aware of his approaching, and shaking his white head almost in my face. "No nearer! It wants a quarter to four, by my watch!" "It is four! I alone have the true time!" said the figure. "Come, Mr. Snooks! I have waited long enough; let us wind up our affairs! I must turn over a new leaf for you in my books!" I was not now as completely deprived of all presence of mind as before; but look him straight in the face I dared not. How he moved I know not; but that he was constantly in motion, though I could not perceive it, as I thought I could upon his first appearance, I am as certain as of my own existence; for turn my eyes which way I would, they were sure to light upon his mouldering, unearthly garments, or upon his sallow, bronze-looking countenance. If my glances shifted with the rapidity of thought, they were sure to meet his fixed and settled gaze.

"Millions have been summoned to their last account," said he, in a solemn voice, "since I laid my books before you. I have travelled over the universe since then; and yet, I have not been absent from your chamber. I possess the power of ubiquity. Millions have been summoned away—ay, and millions have sprung into being, whose names are to be written in my books, and whose accounts this day begin."

As he spoke, I gazed upon him with an earnestness that, to an observer, would have proved the power he had over me. Indeed, I felt my interest in the old gentleman increasing each moment, and began to desire that our interview might, by some possibility, be prolonged. All fear that my account was to be settled forever, and that his books were to be closed against me forever, had vanished, upon listening to his words and looking into his Ledger. I had not, therefore, at present, that dread and stupor upon me, which I have mentioned as having seized me, when the idea flashed upon my mind, that, at four, I was to be summoned from time to eternity. No! my thread of life was to be spun on still farther, and not snapped in twain at the very next stroke of time. I, therefore, addressed my visitor, as one with whom I stood well, and whose favor I was desirous of securing.

"At any moment you please," I said, "I will look over your Ledger with you. I am young, though my years are almost as many as are allotted to man—and you, sir, must be old.—May I hope that so aged a creditor will not be hard with one whose years are but a point to his?"

"As you are ready, I will not press the matter. Others would have reason to thank God, if they, also, could say they were ready, when I call. Old! call you me? Ay! when the Almighty spoke creation into birth, I was there.—Then was I born. Mid the bloom and verdure of Paradise, I gazed upon the young world, radiant with celestial smiles. I rose upon the pinions of the first morn, and caught the sweet dew drops as they fell, and sparkled on the bowers of the garden. Ere the foot of man was heard sounding in this wilderness, I gazed out upon its thousand rivers, flashing in light, and reflecting the broad sun, like a thousand jewels, upon their bosoms. The cataracts sent up their anthems in these solitudes, and none was here to listen to the new-born melody but I! The fawns bounded over the hills, and drank at the limpid streams, ages before an arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. For thousands of years, the morning star rose in beauty upon these un-

peopled shores, and its twin-sister of the eve flamed in the forehead of the sky, with no eye to admire their rays but mine. Ay! call me old! Babylon and Assyria, Palmyra and Thebes, rose, flourished, and fell,—and I beheld them in their glory and their decline. Scarce a melancholy ruin marks the place of their existence; but when their first stones were laid in the earth, I was there! Mid all their glory, splendor, and wickedness, I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their magnificent piles and their gorgeous palaces to the earth. My books will show a long and fearful account against them. I control the fate of empires; I give their period of glory and splendor; but, at their birth, I conceal in them the seeds of death and decay. They must go down, and be humbled in the dust—their proud heads bowed down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a date, and a day of decline. I poise my wing over the earth, and watch the course and doings of its inhabitants. I call upon the violets upon the hills, and crumble the gay ruins of the ground. I am the agent of a higher power, to give life and to take it away. I spread silken tresses upon the brow of the young, and plant gray hairs on the head of the aged man: Dimples and smiles, at my bidding, lurk around the lips of the innocent child, and I furrow the brow of age with wrinkles. Old! call you me? ay, but when will my days be numbered!—When will time end and eternity begin? When will the earth and its water—the universe—be rolled up, and a new world commence its revolutions? Not till He, who first bid me begin my flight, so orders it. When His purposes, who called me into being, are accomplished, then, and not till then—and no one can proclaim the hour—I too shall go to the place of all living."

His manner and voice was so different from any thing I had before observed while speaking, that, for a moment, I gazed upon his venerable form with wonder and admiration. As he finished, he called my thoughts back to myself, by pointing to the open ledger, to the different items that made up my account. My name was written in startling characters; and, with all my confidence, I trembled to add up the debt and credit sides, lest the balance should go against me. Who ever had a bill presented, that he did not question its correctness in some part? Not I. I looked over the account, making observations as I proceeded, as I would have done in any case, and asking questions that were promptly answered. There were thousands of items for which I was made debtor to him, of this kind: "Dr. to Time, for opportunity." And I was glad to observe that I was, in most cases, credited for improving them.

"What!" said I—"here is an item for which I am made debtor, and which has but little credit against it—item, gray hairs."

"Why should you be credited," he replied, "by more than a single item of true wisdom?"

"Have I not learned knowledge of the world? Have I not learned the uselessness and vanity of all worldly things? What, but these gray hairs, for which I am fairly your debtor, has given me this knowledge and taught me to raise my thoughts from earth to heaven, the only abode of true happiness? Have I not seen the faults and errors of others, and profited by them?—Have I not avoided the paths in which they have been lost?—have not their losses proved my gain?—and shall I have no credit therefore? You have given me gray hairs; but you have taken from me the soft locks of innocent youth.—If I am gray, I have seen trouble; and is the lesson I have learned to be of no use to me?—Have others profited as well by their white locks as I have by mine? Are not some gray-headed men old in vice?"

"Every gray hair upon your head should have

brought you wisdom, instead of only one in a hundred. You have had lessons set before you, but have failed to draw that improvement and instruction from them, which alone are the foundation of true wisdom. I robbed you of your youthful locks, but it was that you might be matured in mind. Rely upon your own powers, and lean not for support upon the falling bodies of others."

"Ay, but is it no merit in me that I have avoided the errors into which others have fallen? and, though my loss is not their gain, individually considered, yet is it not to be accounted the greater merit to have gone right, where so many have gone wrong?"

"True man! in that you have shown wisdom, and for that I have given you ample credit, as you observe. Yet, wisdom is so costly and precious a jewel, that but a ray sent forth from it outvalues all the concentrated beams of pride and worldly glory. You have passed through troubles, and your spirit is not broken down, but in the issue elevated and exalted. If every opportunity, for which you are my debtor, has not been improved as it might have been—yet you have done well, though others may have done better. Some have been lost, and you must have been more than mortal not to have suffered some to pass by unimproved; and fortunate is it for you at this hour that these were in your more juvenile days."

"You took from me the wife of my bosom—Oh! what can I have gained by that loss?"

"I gave her to thee, and I took her away.—So far we are even. But you have been the gainer. Look! have I not passed much to your credit on that score? Were not your thoughts, before I called her away, centred on the earth, and did I not raise them to heaven? What possession of earth, though but little inferior in beauty to angels, will you weigh against an inheritance in the realms of bliss, where you will again meet your partner? I stole her from your bosom, it is true; but did I not plant principles there, which have since sprung up and imparted a new existence to your soul—principles that will outlive the perishing tabernacle of clay that encloses them? Sorrow you have known by this bereavement; but you came forth from the trial like gold from the furnace."

"But you might have spared my only boy, just budding into loveliness and beauty?"

"Blame not my actions; I do the will of one higher than us all. He was cut down, ere the temptations of the world lured him astray from the paths of virtue—ere the blast of the world had sullied his pure spirit. You are a gainer by these losses, and I have given you much credit in my ledger on their account."

"You have temptations innumerable against me—it is like lending me false coin."

"Yes!" he replied, "and you may be thankful that you have resisted so many of them—and enabled me to give you credit therefor. They are no base coin, but the true touch-stones of the soul—the tests of its purity. In resisting these, consists true merit—in such curbings of the spirit, in such checking of the weak part of your nature, you have come off conqueror many times and oft; and in this have shown yourself superior to thousands who have borne the names of philosophers and sages. I have given you chances to err, but you turned away from them; and instead of you being my debtor, I have become yours. Greatness consists as much in avoiding errors, that have been committed by men since the world begun, as in doing great actions."

"You took from me all my fortune—the accumulated earnings of years of toil, labor and suffering."

"Suffering! Honor not with that name the rubs which you get in the war for riches. You were reduced from affluence to poverty: was not your soul wrapped up in the love of gain? Were

not riches your god—your idol? Did not you often take from others, that you might enrich yourself? I gave you an opportunity to learn a lesson of prudence and wisdom: but it passed by unimproved. You went on from day to day, adding to your almost exhaustless stock—and had I not taken from you what was dearer even than life, you would tremble now at my account against you."

"I am content," I exclaimed; "you have dealt fairly with me. Strike the balance: if it goes against me, I am undone—the fault be at my own door!"

It is done! I thought it not; I am your debtor to a very small amount!"

"I am then the Dun?—Pray take your own time—if you please; pass the balance to my credit on the new page."

"No! I must begin again square. Here is my note, payable in eternity. When presented, I will be there to take it up. It is for a small sum, but by the time it becomes due, when you, and the nation of which you are a part, are no more, it will be trebled, billions of times, and outvalue all the possessions of this world." So saying, he shut up his day-book and ledger, clasped and shouldered them, and vanished like a ghost at twilight.—*New-England Magazine.*

## MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1834.

The "Young Men's Universalist Institute" meet every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in a hall situated at the N. E. corner of the first alley in 8th street, below Walnut, Philadelphia. Entrance from the alley.

### Important.—To ourselves, at least.

The Proprietor of this Paper is under the disagreeable necessity of again reminding delinquent patrons that he is much necessitated for money. He has patiently waited thus far in this volume, in the hope that he would be effectually remembered by those concerned. The present No. completes the *third quarter* of the 3d, or present vol. and yet more than half of its subscription is still out-standing, although the terms are strictly, *payable in advance*. This is manifestly and unqualifiedly *wrong*. If the proprietor has been faithful in his duty—if he has been prompt and industrious in his endeavors to minister to the instruction or amusement of his patrons, let them be equally prompt in discharging their duty to him—pay at once the small demands against them, and not subject him to the unjust expense of hiring other capital in its place, saying nothing of the trouble and perplexity of *notes and duns*.

The conductor of a public journal must of necessity be in a bad plight to contribute to the gratification or improvement of his readers, if his brain is to be continually racked in devising expedients to get along with its pecuniary concerns; and especially will this be the case while there is a full consciousness that all this trouble arises from a palpable neglect of duty in a portion of those very patrons.

We desire to know, in the name of all that is just and reasonable, who can sit down and write with any prospect of advantage to his readers, while the ominous annunciation, "Your note of ——— dollars is due ———," is staring him full in the face, and he at the same time possessing no resources to meet it, but in his *unpaid subscriptions*! It is gratifying to any publisher to have a full list of subscribers. But when demands are accumulating upon him, will the bare contemplation of a long list of subscriptions, half or two thirds of which are *unpaid*, though long since due, cancel his debts? We speak *feelingly* on the subject, when we respond to this query, unequivocally in the negative.

When a publication is conditioned to be paid at a specified time, and there can be any reliance on its punctuality, it is decidedly unjust to withhold the small pittance of its subscription; for the publisher may go on from month to month, and year to year, constantly anticipating on these accounts, and eventually accumulate such a mass of arrearages on his books that he must finally sink under them.

Some of our subscribers in the city, we are really sorry to learn by our Collector, complain seriously of being called on so soon with their bills. Some few have even carried their disaffection so far as to "pay up," as they express it, and stop the paper. With the first measure we of course

are gratified, but the latter we regret. Still, in justice to our own interest, and the well being of our paper, we must say to such individuals, *We cannot buy patronage at too dear a rate!* We have not the means to furnish many of our papers, and then live year after year in expectation of realizing something from the accounts, and finally be certified of the total loss of a good portion of them. To show how justly we are complained of by any one, in calling for our dues, we need only say our terms are \$2 in advance, or \$2 50 if not paid within the first six months. But in the city, we have ever let it run till the expiration of the first six months, and then made out our Bills at \$2 for the year. In no case have we presented them until about the middle of the volume, unless specially desired. We would not willingly give offence to any one, but if people will complain under circumstances like these, we cannot help it. We are confident that every well-wisher to our establishment, and the cause in which we are engaged, will not only exonerate us from censure herein, but admit the absolute necessity of our being promptly paid, if he will but sit down and reflect seriously on the subject for only one moment.

We have extended these remarks far beyond our first intention. We will close them by frankly saying, that we have heavy payments to make between this and the middle of next month, independent of our regular weekly expenses,—the money is not on hand, and we have no resources to meet them but in our books, from whence we must obtain them, or be compelled to hire money—if we can. To delinquent subscribers we unreservedly appeal—are we to be thus perplexed and troubled?

To those of our patrons who have promptly paid us, whereby we have been enabled to preserve a perfect punctuality with our paper thus far, we tender our most grateful acknowledgements. It is some consolation, even in seasons of perplexity, to recur to their names, as an evidence that there is some solid interest indulged towards our establishment.

P.

### CONDITION OF THE POOR.

We have received through the medium of the Post-Office, a Pamphlet of 22 pages, 12mo. entitled "Mr. Arnold's Second Semi-Annual Report, of his services as Minister at large, in New-York. Published by the Book and Tract Society of the First Congregational Church." It is signed "George B. Arnold, New-York, June 30, 1834." This is all we know of its origin. Who or what Mr. Arnold is, or who constitute the 1st Congregational Church, we have not been able to learn, during the brief space the pamphlet has been in our possession. And indeed this is not essential to our present purpose. It matters little from whom it came, so be that its *objects and sentiments* are good.

We shall not pretend to offer a definite opinion on its general objects, from merely the hasty examination we have been able to give it, but of many of the sentiments expressed, we have been very favorably impressed. We propose giving some extracts from it, presuming they will be acceptable to the generality of our readers, and believing that the public attention cannot be too frequently directed to the consideration of any measures, that promise in the least an amelioration of the condition of the poor, and an improvement of their intellectual powers. Here in fact, we conceive, is the great lever by which the moral condition of community can alone successfully be operated upon. Just in proportion as knowledge is dispensed among any people, just in that proportion will they rise in the scale of moral excellence and virtue; so that it may be assumed as incontrovertible, that on the one hand knowledge and virtue go hand in hand together, and on the other, ignorance and vice are inseparable companions.

In the Pamphlet before us, the author in his introductory remarks, alludes to the period he has spent in laboring with the poor in New-York, as one of the happiest years of his life, and tenders his hearty thanks to the donors who have so liberally supplied his purse for the relief of the poor.—In the time, he has made about three thousand visits, which have been divided amongst three hundred and forty-nine families, on whom he has called with the utmost freedom, at all seasons, under various circumstances, and has ministered to their necessities, so far as a discriminating benevolence and his ability would allow. After some pertinent reflections on the variety of circumstances under which he has met them, he proceeds:

"In my intercourse with the poor of this city, I have sought an intimate acquaintance with their actual condition, physical, intellectual, and mor-

al, with the causes of the evils in that condition, and their proper remedies. To some of my views on these topics, the result of observation and reflection, I would now invite your attention.

And in the first place, the physical condition of the poor of this city—What is it?

Poverty and wealth are only comparative terms, and consequently there is found to be a great diversity of condition among those who may be properly called poor. There are many who are willing to exert themselves, and are able, by the exertions which they make, to obtain a sufficient supply of the necessities, and some of the comforts of life. Their habitations, though generally small and crowded, and in very unpleasant situations, nevertheless present the appearance of neatness and order, which widely distinguishes their occupants from the most wretched portion of society. Their children are many of them decently clad and sent to school, and when they arrive at a suitable age, are generally apprenticed to some mechanic art, in prosecuting which they may gain an honest and respectable livelihood, and take rank among the most useful members of the community. These persons, when in the enjoyment of health, and in seasons of ordinary business, are dependent only on themselves; but when overtaken by sickness, or when business is unusually depressed, they are at once deprived of the means of subsistence; and if they receive not, as surely they deserve, temporary relief from the affluent, their sufferings may be intense.

But there is another, and a large class of poor among us, who are in a condition of extreme wretchedness. They seem to have sunk to the very lowest stage of human existence. Their food is reduced to the smallest possible pittance, and even this is obtained from the most precarious sources. If they seek, and are fortunate enough to obtain employment, (and they are always the last to be employed,) they generally receive a sufficient remuneration to support them comfortably, if economically expended. But this is not often the case. The earnings of the week are no sooner received than spent in the gratification of the most depraved appetites. They are then again destitute of food even for a single day. A resort to borrowing or begging, or some more criminal method of relief, enables them to lengthen out a worthless and wretched existence, until a little more labor is obtained, and a little more money received. This is again expended in the grossest sensuality, and again they are destitute, dependent, or criminal; and thus these vicissitudes succeed each other from week to week, and month to month, if they be not diversified by an occasional committal to the penitentiary, until debauchery, privation, exposure, or accident, or all combined, have done their work; a constitution of iron is prostrated, the being in the form of man is removed, and his place left vacant, to be filled by children but too well trained to pursue the same course of almost unmitigated wretchedness.

Would you have a more distinct view of this squalid misery? Go to that cellar, up yonder narrow and filthy alley, and look around you. You arrive at the threshold. The room is dark and damp, and noxious vapors and a most offensive odor issue from the opened portal. You involuntarily shrink back with disgust, but nerving yourself up with firmer resolution, you enter, and what a scene presents itself. A table with three legs leans against the dingy wall, upon which are a few pieces of unwashed and half broken china, surrounded by the fragments of the last miserable meal. A few broken chairs are standing about the room. A bottle and a cup are upon the mantle-piece. A bed of straw, covered with rags, a receptacle for filth and vermin, lies upon a crazy bedstead, or perhaps up-

## A HYMN.

When morn awakes our hearts,  
To pour the matin prayer:  
When toil-worn day departs,  
And gives a pause to care;  
When those our souls love best  
Kneel with us, in thy fear,  
To ask thy peace and rest—  
Oh God our Father, hear!

When worldly snares without,  
And evil thoughts within,  
Stir up some impious doubt,  
Or lure us back to sin;  
When human strength proves frail,  
And will but half sincere;  
When faith begins to fail—  
Oh God our Father, hear!

When in our cup of mirth  
The drop of trembling falls,  
And the frail props of earth  
Are crumbling round our walls;  
When back we gaze with grief,  
And forward glance with fear;  
When faith man's relief—  
Oh God our Father, hear!

When on the verge we stand  
Of the eternal chime,  
And Death, with solemn hand,  
Draws back the veil of Time;  
When flesh and spirit quake  
Before Thee to appear—  
For the Redeemer's sake,  
Oh God our Father, hear!

Friendship's Offering.

## A MORNING ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

[We a few weeks since made liberal extracts from the "Minute-Book" of Mr. Fay, now publishing in the New-York Mirror. The following is from No. 6.]

Daybreak upon the Mediterranean. Is not the sky glorious, and the fresh air exhilarating, and the "sober certainty" of being here truly soul stirring? See! the sun is coming—his top is just above the horizon. How superbly he illumines yonder heap of clouds lying so low along the heavens; and now his rosy beams gild the summits of that group of mountains, and gradually light them to their base. I cannot paint their magic beauties through the white mists that wrap their heads and break slowly from their bosoms. You may begin to distinguish the sweet scenes of nature—vales and rocks and broad spots of green—banks of sand, tracks of chalky white, and here and there rugged precipices or marked promontories; yet all soft and picture-like, and clothed with those aerial and skyey tints which require from the artist his most tender colors and delicate touch. Look how finely the light and shadow strike across the coast, as it becomes more and yet more distinctly visible. What a variety of lovely optical illusions. I could almost fancy those billowy hills the shores of the Hudson at West Point, only they are higher, wilder, greater in number, and more picturesquely grouped. Besides, we have here no wooden cottages and villages. That large white building which reflects the full stream of sunshine, is a castle, and there lie a cluster of fishermen's huts—and a river—and a fortress—and a town of white stones—and the relics of an ancient wall, partly up the mountain. Then we float here on no narrow river, meandering peacefully between verdant banks, but behind us spreads a limitless plain of green water. No. I am not, only in reverie, beneath a foreign sky. I am looking on Spain, the waves of the Mediterranean flowing at her feet—the millions of her children awakening in her vales—the breath of lemons, oranges and the vine upon her breezes, and the sunshine of a most heavenly morning breaking over her hills. It is a wonderful world and a beautiful, and I never loved it more than on this balmy morning. I think I could spend a thousand years deliciously in travelling, only I know that even in the brief span allotted to human beings they so manage to exhaust all their sources of pleasure; that in a few years the objects which now overcome me with a delight so irrepressible and childish,

might cease any longer to bestow gratification. And are not these appropriate meditations for a sunshiny morning on the Mediterranean?

I fear this wandering life will destroy my relish for quiet retirement. I am becoming so accustomed to scenes of animation and wonder, that I shall hereafter require a whale or a classic sea—a few ruined towers, or a volcano, to stay my appetite for breakfast. Indeed, I may be said really to pamper my palate with these noble varieties. I am smacking my lips now at the serving up of the Balearic Islands, by way of a *bon bouche*, till we reach the coast of France, and feast on the enchantments of Italy.

There is peculiar pleasure, during fine weather, in early rising upon this sea. I cannot sleep after daybreak for my curiosity. The first streak of dawn finds me pacing the deck, and I think those dim and silent hours, when the world is lighted by the combined charms of morning and evening, by far the pleasantest of the twenty-four. Every where the coming on of morning is radiant and sublime. It is no emblem of sorrow and the grave, like the closing day, but it speaks to the soul in its own splendid language of hope and triumph. The reddening of the pearly sky, the paling of the tremulous stars, the intense fires of the eastern clouds as of cities burned and volcanoes spouted; and the sun himself, moving up like a stately monarch among his heralds, and leaving even their resplendent glories dimmed behind him. The soul exults to read the great promise, and bows before the Creator in faith and adoration. But over these renowned waves and celebrated shores the day breaks with a glory which is shared by the earth; and I am regularly a spectator counting the white-winged galliots and feluccas which steal like spirits over the water, marking the tide of day flow up the beach of heaven, hiding the golden sands—and hanging over the quarter-rail, enamoured of the romantic shore, whose hills gleam through the hazy sunshine like dusky silver.

The brig is now swinging slowly around in a perfect calm, and with a multitude of other vessels, all hanging in the stillness like flies in a web; and I shall be glad if the old spider does not pounce down upon us in the shape of a Levanter. Every thing around us is motionless, and looks like a sunny painting or a vision. The sea spreads its immense floor of glass, bending here and there with a gentle unbroken motion. I have been sitting here till the broad day has roused all on board, vainly attempting to delineate the perfect Eden around me; but the fumes of a warm breakfast abate the glow of composition, and I willingly exchange the pencil for the knife, which I hope to wield with more success. Peter, whom, somehow or other, we have quite forgotten among these mountains, gives me the welcome summons. Farewell, then, summer sea and misty mountains, and farewell thou too, trusty friend and ally! By the difference in our longitude you are back some hours in the darkness—perhaps enjoying a quiet slumber—and the theatres of New-York have but recently poured out their throngs. Well, peace to thy eyelids. May no musquito from Communipaw disturb thy rest. I leave thee to thy slumbers, hoping that if there be any "meaning in thy snores," it purports only continued friendship to me and solid comfort to thyself.

## CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

If a happy marriage has given, and ensures to man peace at home, let there be no dread of the caprices of chance. His happiness is sheltered from the strokes of fortune. A wife, gentle and affectionate, sensible and virtuous, will fill his whole heart, and leave no room for sadness. What will he care for loss of property

when he possesses this treasure? Is not his house sufficiently magnificent as long as she commands respect to it—splendid enough, as long as her presence adorns it? A cottage where virtue dwells is far superior to a palace; it becomes a temple.

## 'MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE.'

The room we lived in was six feet by twelve; our furniture was a bed and bedstead, one pine table, three Windsor chairs, a soup pot, tea kettle, six cups and saucers, a griddle, frying-pan, and brander. It was enough—it was all we wanted; we were all the world to one another. Now we have carpets to shake, brasses to scour, stairs to scrub, mahogany to polish, china to break, servants to direct—and what does it all amount to? For your own necessity, one bed, one cup, one knife and fork, table and chair, are enough.—*Grant Thorburn.*

## Universalist Books.

Which may be obtained of A. C. Thomas, 132 Chestnut-street Philadelphia.

- Balfour's First Inquiry—being a faithful examination of all the passages in the Bible in which the word Hell occurs—\$1.  
Balfour's Second Inquiry—being an examination of the Scriptural doctrine concerning the devil, and the import of the words translated everlasting, eternal, forever, &c.—\$1.  
Balfour's Essays on the state of the dead, and inquiries into the meaning of the words judge, damn, condemn, and their derivatives—\$1.  
Balfour's Examination of Stuart's Exegetical Essays—75 cts.  
Balfour's Letters to Professor Stuart—25 cts. In this work the author has shown that his conversion to Universalism is mainly attributable to the Professor's criticisms on portions of the Bible.  
Balfour's Letter in Reply to Dr. Allen's Lecture against Universal Salvation—25 cts.  
Balfour's Letter to Whitman in defence of so much of the First Inquiry as pertains to the term Gehenna—25 cts.  
Ballou's Treatise on Atonement—an invaluable work, being an inquiry into the origin, nature and effects of sin, and of the consequences of the Atonement—50 cts.  
Ballou's Notes in illustration of the Parables—75 cts.  
Ballou's XXXVI Lectures on important doctrines—\$1.  
Ballou's XXV Select Sermons on various subjects—\$1.  
Ballou's XI Sermons delivered in Philadelphia—37 cts.  
Ballou's Examination of the doctrine of future Punishment—60 cts.  
Ancient History of Universalism, by H. Ballou 2d.—\$1.  
Modern History of Universalism, by T. Whittemore—\$1.  
T. Southwood Smith's Treatise on the Divine Government—a work I would not be without for five times the price—75 cts.  
Notes and Illustrations of the Parables, by Thomas Whittemore—an admirable and very useful volume—75 cts.  
Paige's Selections from Eminent Commentators, showing that the most eminent Partialist critics justify the Universalist's interpretations of nearly every prominent passage in the New Testament—\$1.  
Life of John Murray—Whittemore's much improved edition, 50 cts.—do. Marsh, Capen and Lyon's, 46 cts.—also an edition at 37 cts.  
Winchester's Dialogues on Universal Restoration—63 cts.  
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